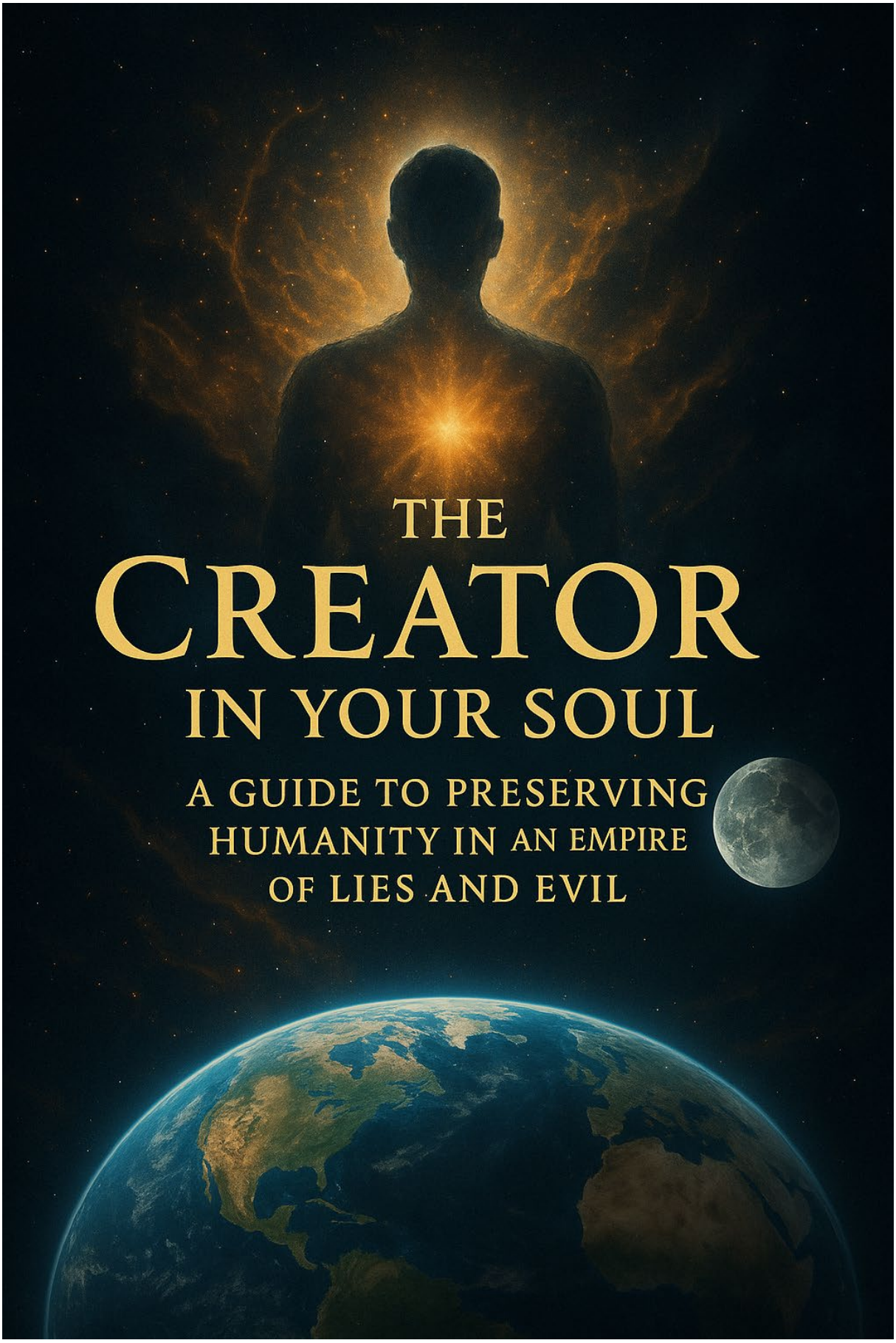
THE
CREATOR
IN YOUR SOUL
A GUIDE TO PRESERVING HUMANITY IN AN EMPIRE OF LIES AND EVIL

The Creator in Your Soul A Guide to Preserving Humanity in an Empire of Lies and Evil.

Chapter I. On the nature of fear and power.

Chapter III. Empires of Fear - Paper Tigers

Chapter IV. Ashes on wings. Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and the shadow on the concrete wall.

Chapter V. Redskin America. Indigenous Genocide.

Chapter VI. Palestine. A Cradle of Terror for Childhood.

Chapter VII. “Your Humanity Is Your Weapon”

Chapter VIII. The Executioner's Brain. Unit 731, Mengele and Ishii Shiro.

CHAPTER IX. "On Freedom Without Malice".

CHAPTER XX. “How to Build a Society Not of Thieves and Murderers, but of Sons and Daughters of the Earth.”

Chapter XXI. Message to posterity.

Chapter XXII "On Strength and Courage"

Boris Efimovich Nemtsov. XXIII. “Freedom is expensive”

AFTERMATH

That any army, once it has the upper hand.

Preface.

I think after reading this book you will ask why I have to read all this bitterly painful and maybe shameful I will say so in my book is the recipe of happiness for all people of all races and of all faiths maybe you will think that this is the voice that screams in the wilderness I will tell you this dear reader you are a couple to become such a voice that screams in the wilderness you see a dog that wants to eat thin that you will lose if you give it a piece of food...

And my last words what you sow you will reap the choice is yours friend friend.

Introduction.

When Machiavelli wrote his “Sovereign,” he believed that power is the art of manipulation. That fear is more effective than love. That the goal is more important than the path. And thousands of rulers to this day teach those lines as axiomatic, as the Bible of violence.

But we are not those who want to rule.

We are not those who want to divide and rule, but to unite and unite.

And that's why this book is The Machiavelli Anti-Lord.

Not a refutation of Machiavelli, but a cure for him.

It is not a manifesto of weakness, it is a textbook of strength, but strength of a different kind:

- the strength not to strike when you can;

- the strength to tell the truth when you are afraid;

- the strength to lift up another, not stand on him.

Here there will be no locks, no poisonous counselors, no spies. There will be a mute orderly who shares bread with a mental patient. There will be a mother who forgives even the murderer of her son.

There will be an old man who gives his last pension to a refugee.

And even an AI that dreams of acquiring a soul, not to control, but to understand.

The world has known Nero, Caligula, Stalin, Hitler, Putin.

We'll tell you how

Chapter I. On the nature of fear and power.

Fear does not make power strong. It makes it fragile.

The great tyrants of the past held on to fear - Himmler, Kaganovich, Ishii Shiro, Mengele, Khrushchev with his psychiatrists, Lenin with his shootings, Hitler...

But behind every such "ruler" was a millimeter of fear - fear of losing the throne, fear of being exposed, fear that the people would suddenly see: he is not a lion, but a rat. Not a fox, but a hyena.

Machiavelli taught, “It is better to be feared than loved.” But he was wrong.

Because fear only holds you as long as you're believed. And love. it gives you power even after death.

Fear doesn't make power strong. It makes it fragile.

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Because fear only holds you as long as you're believed. And love. it keeps you strong even after you're dead.

Chapter II. The hero is not the one who commands, but the one who saves

History textbooks often write about generals, marshals, and presidents. But the real power

is not in those who commanded. It's in those who saved.

A hero is not someone who took power. It's the one who, with power, chose not to kill.

The year is 1945. Berlin in ruins. A Soviet soldier emerging from the hell of Stalingrad sees hungry German children. He could have passed them by. He had a right to hate.

But he reaches for the bread. He gives. Because he's a human being.

Not a cog, not a machine gun or a rifle.

But the son of his mother, the brother of his people, the father of the future world.

An old woman in Kharkov hides Ukrainian and Russian soldiers in her basement, deceiving both sides. Because for her they are children, lost in the war.

“I'd rather be shot than let someone kill a child in my house,”

she said, and closed the door.

An Afghan veteran saves a boy in Beslan, carrying him in his arms under fire.

He didn't think about the awards. He didn't even remember his name. He just saw a child in danger.

And in that moment - he was more than a general, more than a president, more than the entire army. He was the good that came between evil and life.

A young Ukrainian man in Lviv, 2022. He is moving an elderly Russian woman across the border into Poland. She's been abandoned. She is in a panic. He says:

"I'm not in favor of war. I'm for life. And I'm not going to let you die here." He walked her to the bus, gave her water and food.

And then he came back to help.

We often look for heroes in movies, in comic books, in the news. But heroes aren't superhumans.

They are those who choose not to take revenge.

Who refuse to be the executioner, even when given an axe. Who pulls a man out of the water even when he's up to his neck in fear.

You don't have to be president to be a hero.

You just have to remain human - when persuaded to become a beast.

A hero is not someone who commands. It's the one who saves the day.

Chapter III. Empires of Fear - Paper Tigers

They build palaces. They write edicts. They knock their boots on parades. Their faces are on portraits, their names in textbooks, until a new power comes and wipes them off like mud from a sole.

Hitler. Mussolini. Stalin. Beria. Putin.

They all played the same record:

fear = power.

But as soon as fear disappeared, so did power.

Caligula proclaimed himself a god. Humiliated the senators, made a horse into a consul. He was killed by his own men. The empire remained and he became an anecdote.

Nero sang while Rome burned. He punished those who did not clap. He poisoned, burned, chopped heads. He was forced to commit suicide as a pathetic puppet, not an “emperor”.

Stalin is the epitome of fear. Hundreds of thousands shot, millions of broken destinies. But has he remained great? No. He's a ghost on an armored car that still stinks with the cold of the gulag. People whispered his name at night, not out of love, but out of terror.

Hitler dreamed of a thousand-year Reich, and ended up in a bunker, cowardly poisoning his dog and his mistress. He left behind only ashes and pain. No child asks to be called Adolf.

Beria raped women in his car as if power gave him the right to be a beast. Where is he now? Under the slabs of the Lubyanka. Erased. Despised. Forgotten as a man, remembered only as a rapist and murderer.

Mussolini ended up hanging by his feet like carrion so that the people could see: fear is not eternal.

Putin...

is also building an empire. On the blood of Ukrainians, on lies, on cowardice. He is applauded out of fear. But he's afraid himself. Afraid of death. Afraid of the truth.

He is no longer a man. He's a monument to the abomination of his lifetime.

And here's the important thing:

All dictators are left alone at the end. Everyone “loves them” - as long as they're strong. But no one cries when they disappear.

Their power is not power. It's smoke, dust, showmanship. Paper tigers that seem scary

- until the winds of truth blow.

And then there are the others.

- Gandhi, who defeated an empire without firing a shot.

- Mandela, who forgave his tormentors and became a symbol of peace.

Savchenko, who didn't break down in prison.

-Navalny, who didn't sell out, didn't run away, didn't surrender.

Those are the heroes. Those who did not sow fear - but defeated it. Those who are remembered, not out of fear, but with respect.

Not dictators, but people.

Strong is the one who saves. Not the one who humiliates.

Chapter IV. Ashes on wings. Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and the shadow on the concrete wall.

Date: August 6 and 9, 1945.

Bombs: Little Boy and Fat Man.

Place: towns where people drank tea, painted, sewed kimonos and fed pigeons until morning. What happened: the end of the world. But only in one place - and only for those who didn't manage to disappear.

"We lived in a wooden house by the river. I heard my dad calling for me, and then everything went white. Not bright - but scary, like the sun had gone crazy. When I woke up, my mom's face was gone. I thought it had fallen, I looked for it with my hands. And then we were walking through the streets, and people were walking without skin. Some were carrying pieces of others. Some just stood there dripping. And then silence. And black rain. And mom died. I died a year later. Only sooner."

- Shizuka Tanaka, age 11, died of leukemia in 1946

They called it a victory.

They called it a “necessary evil.”

But it wasn't a blow to the army. Not on the tanks. Not on the command posts.

It was a blow to the morning. Schools. Pregnant women. Lives.

What the survivors saw:

Shadows of people on the stairs. Not alive. Not dead. Just the imprints of their bodies on the stone where they vaporized instantly.

Skin hanging off their hands like gloves. The men walked in silence. No screams. No tears. No longer human

- but still alive.

“Black Rain.” Radioactive fallout covered the land, killing those who survived. People drank that water. Not knowing it would become their grave.

The city became a skeleton. Stone melted. Wood burst into flames. Water boiled. Brains on the walls. The children were gone - vaporized.

"There was emptiness in my father's eyes. He pulled me out from under the boards, but when I asked where my mom was, he just picked up a brick and started hitting himself on the head. And then he said, ‘The gods have turned their backs on Japan’ and walked away into the fire. I never saw him again."

- Hiroshima survivor woman, age 12

Summary:

At Hiroshima, about 140,000 people died. In Nagasaki, about 75,000.

Children, pregnant women, the elderly were the first to burn.

Thousands more died later - from burns, radiation, psychosis, leukemia.

And to this day, the US has not recognized this as a crime against humanity.

They have not repented.

They have not paid reparations. They have not apologized.

They haven't even made a movie in which the American pilot who dropped the core of hell cries.

"You have won.

But at what cost?

What have you become - after this?"

This chapter is not about revenge. It's not about recrimination. This chapter is like a cry: “Don't forget!” Not because it might happen again.

But because if you forget, it's already happened.

Chapter V. Redskin America. Indigenous Genocide.

Before the arrival of Europeans: more than 60 million people. After “civilization” by whites: less than one million.

They called it the development of the continent.

They drew it on maps as “the movement of progress.” They erected monuments to pilgrims and cowboys,

but forgot - who they trampled with buckled boots.

“They gave us the Bible and kept the land for themselves.”

- is an old Indian aphorism. It says it all.

How it was:

Forced death marches: thousands of Indians - old men, women, children - were chased through the snow from their homes to “reservations.” Those who lagged behind died.

Contaminated smallpox blankets.

The U.S. Army purposely spread the virus to the tribes. This is not a theory. This is

documents.

Forced baptism and Catholic schools.

“Kill the Indian in him, save the man.” Children were abused, forbidden to speak their own language.

The extermination of the buffalo.

Millions of animals that fed the tribes were killed by whites simply to deprive the Indians of food. It was a deliberate strategy.

"Once we were eagles. Now we're pigeons that nobody feeds."

- Sioux tribal chief, 1983

The modern reservation is:

Poverty and unemployment up to 80%.

Alcoholism, suicide, death from cold and starvation.

Male life expectancy - 10-15 years lower than U.S. average.

Arsenic-laced water. Hospitals without doctors. Schools without books.

"America is a country built on bones. But they never put up a monument to those they buried."

Photos that should be:

Native American children in Catholic boarding school uniforms. (Caption: “These schools raised not people - but ghosts.”)

Ruined villages.

Poster: “Apache Tribe - 40 people left.”

And now for a question that will make many a cheek burn: How is this different from Palestine?

People are forced onto reservations. They're given rations.

They are bombed and blamed for their own resistance. Their culture is destroyed in the name of security.

We're not comparing victims. We're comparing methods.

When a man is dispossessed of his land.

When his children are forbidden to speak their own language. When a man is born labeled second-class.

That is genocide. Not instant genocide, but centuries-long genocide.

“You can't build a civilization on bones -

and expect it not to fall through the ground.”

Chapter VI. Palestine. A Cradle of Terror for Childhood

In this land where peace was to be born, childhood dies daily. Here - in Palestine

- blood and tears have become a daily occurrence. A child goes to school and does not know if he will return home. A child sleeps and does not know if he will wake up.

Israel strikes. Palestinians retaliate. There are casualties on both sides. But only one side is left without a home, without water, without electricity, without a future.

It's a vicious circle.

Closed by blood.

Closed by fear.

And, paradoxically, a vicious circle of indifference.

What you sow is what you reap...

Europe, the United States - the civilized, "enlightened" world - is silent. Or, worse, justifies it. When a Swedish MP says that Israel “has the right to any genocide”

- this is not a political position. It is callousness wrapped in the cloak of civilization. But we have no right to remain silent.

Figures:

More than 15,000 killed in recent years, a third of them children. Hundreds of thousands injured, millions homeless. Schools are reduced to rubble. Hospitals are targets.

Photo:

A girl with a teddy bear on the ruins of a house. A hospital room where two people lie on one bed at once.

The writing on the wall: “They destroyed my house, but not my dream.”

The story:

Ahmad, 7 years old. His sister was killed when a drone dropped a charge on the school. He says:

- I am not afraid of dying. I'm afraid the world will forget about me.

Comment:

We live in an age where cameras see everything but conscience sees nothing. This horror can be stopped. Yes, not only with love, but with truth.

And truth is when a child is more important than territory. When life is more important than politics. And when someone who shoots at a hospital can't be called a soldier of peace.

Chapter VII. “Your Humanity Is Your Weapon”

They will tell you that humanity is weakness.
That “in this world, only those who are cruel win.”

That “if you're not a predator, you're a victim.” Lies.

True strength lies in not hardening yourself when you can.

Imagine: you're at war. There's an enemy in front of you. He is unarmed. He's wounded. You could, but you don't.

You feed a child, even if it's from a foreign country.

You don't betray a friend, even if you get a promotion for it.

That's the weapon of humanity. Not in the fist. It's about choice.

Examples?

- Soviet soldiers who shared rations with German children in Berlin. Not out of weakness. But because humanity is stronger than revenge.

- The nurses of the Great Patriotic War who pulled out the wounded from both sides. Because a wounded man is not an enemy, but a human being.

- Ukrainian volunteers who evacuated old people and animals under shelling. When they were told to “drop it,” they said, “We are not like that.”

- Russian doctors who refuse to denounce their colleagues. They save, not judge. And they pay for it. But they remain human.

You'll be tempted to be cruel. You'll be told, “He deserved it.”

But in every such moment, you become either the way up or the way down.

The executioner always finds an excuse.

But an excuse is not a soul. It is a dirty bandage on the rottenness.

You are not a judge. You are a human being.

You have a gift that cannot be tampered with - the capacity for compassion.

The world will try to wean you from it.

But it is this gift that makes you the one who can defeat evil - not by its methods.

“An eye for an eye and the whole world will become blind,” said Gandhi.

And we say:

A kind word is not a slap. It's a bulletproof vest.

For thousands of years, politicians have taught us to fear, humiliate, dominate. Now it's time to retrain:

"understand, protect, create."

It's harder.

But it's the way of the creator. Not a tyrant.

And if you give someone a chance, you haven't lost. You've won. In yourself.

And that's the most important victory of all.

Story #1. An officer with a conscience. Hungary, 1945.

Spring. Mud. Wounded. The Soviet army captures a Hungarian town.

The prisoners - Hungarians and Germans - are driven into the courtyard of a destroyed school. The soldiers are angry. Tired. They burn with resentment - for burned villages, for killed brothers.

A young Soviet officer, Captain Anatoly Sh., sees how the soldiers want to beat the prisoners.

He stands between them and the enemy. One.

- "We are not like that. Do you want to be like the Nazis? Then beat me first." The soldiers lowered their arms.

And half an hour later, he personally boiled the baladu and gave the prisoners to the guards, but fed them all.

Two years later, one of these Germans - already in Berlin - helped him find his sister, who had disappeared during the war.

Story #2. Kherson. 2022. A woman with bread.

Her name is Tatiana. She's 62.

When the occupation began, she baked bread every day - from flour she had ground herself.

Then, risking her life, she passed it to Ukrainian soldiers through children and old people. She knew: for this - prison. Or a bullet.

One day she was detained. They asked:

- Who were you carrying this to? Who pays you?

- No one," she said. - I'm a mother. And these are someone's children too.

They let her go. They were afraid of the noise.

But her deed is a bronze on the heart of the people.

And now the truth about those who betrayed the man in them. March 2022. Kiev region. Bucha.

Russian soldiers take peaceful men prisoner. They take them to the basement.

Tortured with a stun gun. Tie their hands behind their backs. Shot in the back of the head.

No military. They're locals. They weren't a threat.

2023. Kupyansk. Torture room in the basement of a school.

Ukrainian prisoners of war were beaten to a pulp.

Electric shocks to the genitals. Burns. Ribs broken. Eyes knocked out.

Soldiers from Buryatia and Tuva, drunk, laughing. They videotaped it.

2024. Donetsk. Doctor's testimony.

Local hospital receives prisoners with signs of violence, torture, amputations without anesthesia.

This is not military action. This is sadism.

This is the price when a man loses his humanity.

This is not strength. This is fear hidden behind uniforms and machine guns.

These are not heroes. They're executioners who don't belong in the human world.

And you, choose to be Tatiana. Or Captain Anatoly. Let it hurt. Let it be scary. But don't stoop to their level. There will be no tribunal in hell. But there will be a conscience.

And where you stood, there will be a mark. Or dirty. Or clean.

Chapter VIII. The Executioner's Brain. Unit 731, Mengele and Ishii Shiro.

"They didn't growl, they didn't crouch. They were not monsters. They wore white coats. They were smiling. They were taking notes."

Unit 731. Manchuria. 1936-1945

A death laboratory set up under the pretext of "medical research."

Purpose: To create the perfect bacteriological weapon and to learn the limits of human survival.

Methods:

Freezing of limbs.

To study the process of frostbite - people had their hands doused with water in the freezing cold, beat them with sticks until the bones cracked.

Live autopsies.

No anesthesia. Removing organs, measuring pain shock.

Testing plague, anthrax, typhus.

On children, pregnant women, prisoners. The test subjects were called “maruto” - logs. Not people. Logs. Consumable.

Who is Ishii Shiro

"Scientist", "war engineer", "evil genius". He coined the term “maruto.”

He was released and protected by the US after the war - in exchange for the results of his

“research”.

He never went to prison.

He became a businessman. Died in 1989.

So America tamed the monster and fed him a medal.

Dr. Mengele. The “Angel of Death” of Auschwitz.

Experiments on twins: organ comparisons, blood transfusions, cutting out genitals.

Injecting dye into eyes to change iris color. Personally selecting children for experiments.

Died in Brazil, quietly, under an assumed name. He was searched for, but not very diligently.

Photos and testimonials:

Lab tables drenched in blood.

Diagrams of the insides drawn by the subjects. Cells where the walls are soaked with screams.

The main thing: They were human beings.

Family, education, music, tea in the morning.

And yet - they became living death machines.

Not because of evil. But because of cold, systemic detachment.

Maruto... how innocent it sounds.

But “Cargo 200” is just a code.

And “pregnant refugees” in Africa is just a vaccine, right?

And “it's your own fault if you're not vaccinated,” they used to say in Russia, even if the person died alone, without medication.

Isn't that the new “maruto”?

And what is it today?

Africa: illegal testing of vaccines and drugs on children. Russia: denial of treatment if the patient is not loyal to the system.

Medicine as an instrument of fear, manipulation, punishment.

What makes a doctor a killer?

Where is the point at which he stops treating and starts testing?

Where “I was just following orders” becomes “I'm no longer human”?

This chapter is a warning.

Not about the past. It's about the present.

CHAPTER IX. "On Freedom Without Malice".

How not to be hardened in a world of violence. How to choose not revenge but life.

Story #3. Khatyn. Belarus, 1943.March. The village of Khatyn. The Germans and punishers from the Ukrainian battalion “Schutzmannschaft” gather everyone into a barn.

149 people. Of them 75 - children. The doors are locked. They set them on fire. Those who ran out were shot on the spot.

Only one survived - Joseph Kaminsky. An elderly blacksmith.

His son was mortally wounded - he carried him in his arms. He died before his eyes.

He himself lost consciousness from a blow from the buttstock and lay among the corpses. It was a miracle he survived.

What did he do then?

He didn't take revenge. He didn't harden himself.

He became a memory keeper. Said:

- "I don't want to be avenged. I want them not to forget. And that no one else burns alive."

He became the face of the memorial. His figure with his dead son in his arms is the embodiment not of revenge, but of memory and humanity.

Story #4. Ukraine, 2022-2023. Volunteers of light.

Kherson. Mykolaiv. Bakhmut. Kharkiv.

While Russian missiles demolish houses, there are people who stay.

They make soup. They set tables in the courtyard.

Delivering food to the elderly. Pulling other people's children out from under the rubble.

They are doctors, teachers, Uncle Vasya from the street.

- "I can't kill. But I can save. This is my front."

A Ukrainian grandmother in Mariupol carried bread to Russian soldiers - hoping they would awaken a conscience.

She cried. And said:

- "I know they are miserable. "They've been cheated. But at least let them eat bread like human beings."

Story #5. Chechnya, 1995. Mother.

After the storming of Grozny, captured Russian soldiers were brought to the home of an elderly Chechen woman, Zeinab. Her son had been killed by a Russian shell.

But she told the fighters:

- "Don't touch them. They are children like my son. They're not the ones who pushed the button." She fed them, dressed their wounds.

- “I won't become a killer because I still have a heart.”

One of those soldiers became a paramedic years later. He found her granddaughter - and helped with her treatment.

Story number 6. Georgia, 2008. Humanity on the bridge.

During the Russian-Georgian conflict, Russian officer Sergei - while retreating from Gori - sees a girl sitting alone on the road.

The Georgians were running away from shelling. She was lost.

He got out of the APC. He came over. Took her in his arms.

- "You're not the enemy. You're a child."

He led her to a Georgian shepherd sheltering refugees in a ravine. Walked back. Without the gunfire. No hate.

But now for the executioners and those in chains of evil. Chechnya, 2000.

Russian soldiers scalped the bodies of those killed.

Documents: [Human Rights Watch] - mass killings in Novye Aldy, Chechnya. More than 60 civilians, including children, shot without trial.

Georgia, 2008.

Atotsi village. Russian and Ossetian fighters raped women, looted houses, burned cattle.

Testimonies of locals were handed over to The Hague. Only one soldier refused to participate - and he was beaten by his own.

Ukraine, 2022-2024.

Reports from Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, UN:

Filtration camps. Torture chambers.

Rape as a tool of intimidation. Threats to children.

Forced resettlement in Russia.

This is not war. It's Machiavellian terror taken away from the conscience.

Now, reader, think:

When you're on your deathbed...

Do you want to remember what you saved? Or what you burned?

That you gave bread? Or electrocuted your fingers?

The choice is yours.

And even in hell, you can choose to be human.

And that is freedom. Without malice.

CHAPTER XX. “How to Build a Society Not of Thieves and Murderers, but of Sons and Daughters of the Earth.”

About Honor. About kin. About responsibility. And about how to take back your country without shooting it.

They want you to be a cog. We say be a son. Be a daughter.

The empire demands obedience.

It teaches, “listen, steal, hit first or you'll be killed.”

But we come from another world.

We are those who remember the village where grandmother used to put a lump of sugar under her grandson's pillow. Who remember the father who didn't take a bribe even though the children had been eating buckwheat for three weeks.

And here we are to say:

we are not the descendants of executioners. We are children of light.

Not a society of profit. A society of responsibility.

Thieves think they're clever.

But a wise man is one who has left something good behind. A home. A word. A song. A garden.

- You are rich if your grandson is not ashamed to call your last name.

Thieves and murderers build temporary things. In their world, there are eternal guards and suitcases of money. But they have no land under their feet. No songs. No memory.

How do we build?

The first thing is to reclaim honor as the most important asset.

- Not money, not connections, not cunning.

- Honor. A word. A hand to shake.

A society that is not afraid to be kind lives.

A society where kindness is considered a weakness - rots and collapses.

The second is to abolish the cult of the “successful scumbag.”

We should no longer call on TV those who lied, stole, bought a diploma.

We should call those who heal. Who teach. Who carry people in their arms out of the fire.

Third, teach history as a choice.

Not just “there was a Stalin.”

But “this is what a man did when he was given power without conscience.” And be sure to tell about those who resisted: Pyotr Grigorenko, the general who became a dissident.

Lev Rokhlin, who refused to go to war in Chechnya.

Alexander Litvinenko, who told on the FSB - at the cost of his life.

Fourth - to give young people a dream higher than “ruble and epaulettes”.

Writers. Teachers. Architects. Farmers. Those who create, not share.

- A society of creators lives for centuries.

- A society of thieves - burns out in a generation.

The sons and daughters of the earth are not poets, they are the core.

They are those who stand up not for ideology, but because it is the right thing to do.

It is the mother who teaches her child not to spit on the ground. It's the father who fixes his neighbor's roof.

It's the guy at the front who says:

- "No, we're not going to torture. We're different."

This society is not afraid of the future. Because it's already living in it. True Immortality

About what's left when we're gone.

We're gone.

All of us. Sooner or later. Regardless of power, fame, money, subscribers, medals, diplomas and xyz.

It doesn't matter how many likes you had if you never learned to love.

We are born without a name, but with a soul. And we die with a name but no body.

And between these two moments we have only one choice:

what we leave behind.

Machiavelli believed that immortality is about fear. That the name of a ruler should inspire terror.

That a slain enemy was proof of strength. But he was wrong about that.

True immortality is not power. It's a trail.

Not the fear you leave behind, but the warmth that will be remembered.

You can be an unknown teacher,

but one day your student will become a doctor and save thousands. You can be a baker who gives away extra bread - and one day that bread will save a child.

You can be a soldier who spared the enemy -

and thus saved two lives: his and yours.

The names of heroes are rarely written in textbooks. But children carry them.

That's the essence of immortality.

Not in mausoleums and marches.

But in deeds,

about which they speak in whispers -

with tears, but without fear.

When you're gone,

people still remember you. If you left not fear, but light. Not anger - but hope.

True immortality is when your goodness lives longer than you.

When someone will one day say:

“I didn't know him personally, but what he did changed me.”

Then you are immortal.

Not as a ruler, but as a man. And there is no higher rank on this earth.

Chapter XXI. Message to posterity.

Live so that at the end of your journey you will not be tormented by the pangs of conscience.

You're reading this not because you want to rule. But because you want to understand how to be good and stay strong. How not to break.

And here's the main advice:

Don't betray yourself. Even if everyone else around you has been betrayed.

Someday you'll grow old.

You'll lie down, maybe alone, maybe surrounded by grandchildren. You'll close your eyes and remember everything.

And only one question will matter:

"Was I who I wanted to be? Or what fear and gain made me?" You don't have to be a saint.

But you do have to be real.

To be kind is to be alive.

And every day is a chance to be a hero, even if you just gave a hand up instead of a punch.

This is our battle. Here is our choice. This is your path. Not the throne, but the light. Not fear, but dignity.

Not Machiavelli. You are the Creator.

Machiavelli taught that the end justifies the means. And we will say:

there is an end that justifies everything - a goodness for which one is not ashamed on one's deathbed.

While Machiavelli molded a hero out of fear, we will mold a Man out of compassion and truth. While Putler builds an empire on bones, we build a Temple of Dignity.

While they choose the beast, we will choose the Creator.

And we will have our own weapons:

- not a saber, but a word;

- not fear, but light;

- not a whip, but bread baked with the soul.

Chapter XXII "On Strength and Courage"

Why the heart is stronger than the sword.

True courage is not when you strike. It is when you have not struck, even when you had the right to do so. It's not when you silenced,

but when you told the truth knowing that behind it was torture, exile, death.

We grew up in a world where strength is a tank. Where the hero is the one who shouts the loudest.

Where the leader is the one who can humiliate and survive. But it's a lie. The great lie of the empire of fear.

Strength is the shepherd who didn't abandon the flock in the storm. Strength is the doctor who operates without light or sleep. Strength is the mother that gives bread to a child,

and the child will grow up and say:

“My mother saved me - so I must save others.”

True power does not require loud speeches. It speaks quietly but accurately.

Like a drop of water breaking a stone. Like the light of a star seen over thousands of years.

Speaking the truth, knowing there is a reckoning behind it, is not recklessness. It's courage.

Courage is Navalny in a penal colony.

Courage is a Ukrainian farmer taking his children out.

Courage is a Chechen grandmother covering her grandchildren. Courage is a journalist publishing facts when they come for them. Courage is a soldier refusing to shoot an unarmed man.

True strength is not the fear of others, but the strength to be yourself,

when being yourself is dangerous.

We are not born to command. We are born to remember who we are.

We are not accidental in this world. As it is said in the Vedas:

Men walk the path of their lives And do not know what they are born for...

And maybe it is for this:

to remind others that they are not cogs, but souls. That there is Light, and it's within.

That everyone can become a hero - just by not betraying themselves.

True strength is goodness, not losing itself in the midst of horror. And he who wears it is not a slave, not a coward, not a fanatic.

He is a man.

Living examples of strength and courage

1. Ivan Martynushkin, soldier who liberated Auschwitz

When hell was on earth, he saw it - and was not embittered.

"We saw people... or rather, no longer people - shadows. They didn't believe we were real. One prisoner came up, touched my hand, and started crying. He was saying, 'Are you alive? Are you really alive?“”

Ivan didn't talk about his exploits. He said the main thing was not to become hardened. Not to become like those they had defeated.

2. Kherson resident who baked bread for Ukrainian soldiers

When the occupation came, she baked at night. And delivered warm bread to quiet courtyards. No name, no reward.

When they asked her “why?” she said:

"I don't know how to fight. But I can bake bread. Which means I do mine."

3. Andrei Kurbatov is the officer who fed the captives

In Chechnya, he found a column of exhausted fighters. He could have killed them. He didn't.

"They were not people anymore - just exhausted teenagers. I gave the command: feed them and don't abuse them. We are not executioners. We're soldiers."

He was almost fired for that. But he remained a man. And the prisoners later wrote letters -

thanking him for saving them.

4 Navalny in SIZO

You can argue about politics, but you can't argue about the fact that a man went into the jaws of a tiger -

for the sake of calling evil evil evil.

"I am not afraid, because to be afraid is to betray oneself. I sit because I have told the truth."

4. Bucha and Irpen civilians sheltering neighbors

During the Russian offensive, ordinary families hid dozens of people in basements, fed them, shared their last.

- "We knew that they could be killed for this. But can we do it any other way? We have children."

5. Ukrainian teacher from Chernigov region

He taught lessons online - in a basement, under bombs.

- “As long as there are children who need math, the country lives.”

5. Anonymous Russian soldier who refused to torture

According to Ukrainian captives, one of the Russians did not participate in the electrocution and beating.

- "He only said: "I am not a scumbag. I didn't come for this." And walked out. We never saw him again."

Boris Nemtsov is not just an im.

Boris Efimovich Nemtsov.

XXIII. “Freedom is expensive”

Boris Nemtsov is a physicist, politician, one of the leaders of the Russian opposition, governor, vice prime minister, co-author of the Constitution. But most importantly, a man who did not betray himself.

He knew he could be killed. But he kept talking. Because silence is complicity.

Here are his words:

"Everyone must decide for himself whether he is ready for risks or not. I can only say for myself. I am happy that I can speak the truth, be myself and not grovel before the pathetic, thieving authorities. Freedom comes at a price."

He didn't say, “I'm afraid.” He was saying, “I'm happy.” Because being yourself is what happiness is all about.

He understood that democracy is not a Western toy, but a right for everyone:

"Democracy is the right of citizens to elect their government and kick it out when it has failed. Democracy is the right of citizens to criticize their government. Democracy is the right of citizens to information and an independent judiciary. We need democracy, not Americans. We have our own tradition and our own history."

He talked about Putin's war against Ukraine:www.depo.ua

“I consider it a crime, just a very real crime, Putin's war against Ukraine.”

And he wasn't afraid to call things by their proper names. He talked about power:

“Power is just an opportunity to realize your own ideas, not to make money or get any benefits.”

He said of us:

"The real problem of Russia is Russians. The main enemy of Russia is ourselves, our centuries-long slavery, hypocrisy and at the same time, the desire to lick the boss regardless of his rank."

He said of himself:

"I preserve my mental health and am one of the longest-lived people in Russian politics. What has allowed me to preserve my health? I have never looked beyond a year. That's foolishness - the same as predicting oil prices."

He spoke of the future:

“I would like Russia to be free in the new year.”

He didn't live to see a free Russia. But he became its voice. He became its conscience. He became its immortality.

Because true immortality is when your name becomes a symbol. A symbol of truth. A symbol of courage. A symbol of freedom.

And Boris Nemtsov became such a symbol.

AFTERMATH

Dream of an Earth System Alliance

A world without wars. A world without borders. A world where there is room for everyone.

I believe this world is possible.

A world where being born in Africa is not a sentence.

A world where the word “human” is louder than a passport, a language or a flag.

A world where there are no empires, only homelands.

Where every nation has its own home, its own songs, its own heroes, but we are all one family. Earthlings.

We are tired.

Ordinary people all over the planet - in Russia, in Ukraine, in Iran, in America, in China -

are tired of theft, violence, and lies.

Tired of being afraid. Tired of tolerating being killed for money.

We are not slaves. We are not dogs. We are not cogs.

We are parents. We are children. We are creators. We are human beings.

We want to live in a world where:

- you don't have to kill to live,

- you don't have to steal to survive,

- you don't have to lie to get ahead.

A world where a decent life is not a privilege, but a right.

A world where stealing is shameful.

Where if you steal, it's bread to feed your children.

And even then, not from the supermarket, but from your own pride.

A world where you can be honest and not lose.

Where you can learn, work hard, and honestly succeed.

Where you can wear Rick Owens not because you sold your soul, but because you are good at what you do.

Earth System Alliance is not a government. It's an idea.

The idea that Earth is our common home.

That every nation has a face, a place and a right to democracy. But there is no place for lies, plunder and tyranny.

When we stop dividing the world into "our own" and "enemies" -

and start dividing it into creators and destroyers,

into people and creatures without a heart -

then a new era will begin.

An age of Humanity.

An era in which children will not go to war, but will build, and grow, and dream.

Maybe we won't live to see it.

But if someone reads this book - and chooses the path of light over darkness, then it was not in vain.

EARTH ALLIANCE SYSTEM

A VISION FOR A UNITED WORLD

Manifesto of the Earth System Alliance 2.0!!!

We, the people of the Earth - Russians, Ukrainians, Japanese, French, Nigerians, Canadians and all the peoples of the planet - declare: no more sharing bread and oil, no more sowing fear and hatred, no more worshiping money and lies.

This is the age of Humanity. Not tyranny, not corporations, not weapons. But kindness, mutual respect, freedom and knowledge.

We are tired of empires of fear and thieves. Politicians who warm their hands on blood. Lies that teach us to hate each other. We are tired of being pawns.

We are creating the Earth System Alliance, a voluntary alliance of all free people, all who want to live without fear, without borders, without poverty. An alliance where:

- every nation has a homeland

- every person has the right to work, bread, education and a decent life

- the future is no longer determined by place of birth

- honesty and kindness are the main currency

I will add purely from myself as an author...

One pair of shoes for all: the cry of the earth

They throw stones at pigeons to get their dinner.

Not for sport. Not for the sake of cruelty. But simply because there's nothing else to eat. It's not a movie. It's not a dystopia.

This is Argentina. The 21st century.

While in New York they drink $300 coffee with almond unicorn milk, in Jakarta a boy searches the river for sneakers to sell - not to wear.

While in Monaco they buy yachts the length of the street, in Uganda doctors ask tourists for bandages and aspirin.

While workers in Kamchatka are mining gold, their wives are buying Chinese galoshes for 900 rubles, because they can't afford Ricker.

What do all these people have in common? They're all men. People, captain. And we say:

Enough.

We don't have to live in a world where your passport decides whether you eat or throw rocks at pigeons.

Decision? There is one. And its name is

Earth System Alliance.

One Earth Treasury. So that the wealth of the planet does not accumulate offshore, but returns to life - where there is not enough.

One Earth Currency. Not the dollar, not the yuan, not crypto for a select few. But transparent, honest and stable. With one exchange rate in Nairobi and Berlin.

A global market with uniform prices. So that “Ricker” cost 49 euros in Romania, and in Kenya, and in Magadan. There would be no discounts based on skin color, geography, or the bank where you can't open an account.

We are not utopians. We are builders.

A world of one fair economy is not a fantasy. It's a blueprint. It's a blueprint. It's the mission of the Earth Alliance.

And if you're tired of watching rocks being thrown at birds when you could be baking bread -

welcome.

EARTH ALLIANCE MANIFESTO

Version: 0.1 (Draft)

Adopted by the will of the peoples of Earth. Approved by Mittermeier.

We, the citizens of Earth, tired of lies, poverty, endless wars and domination by elites, unite - not by compulsion, but by conscious will. We declare: a new era has dawned.

We are creating the Earth Alliance - not as an empire, not as a religion, not as a corporation, but as a hope. A system where no nation is above another. Where power belongs to those who deserve it, not those who buy it.

OUR OBJECTIVES

- End the dominance of financial and political clans.

- To establish fair, transparent and equitable world governance.

- Ensure freedom of choice for every person: where to live, how to study, what to believe and who to be.

- To create energy independence of mankind (LunarOIL project, helium-3, clean technologies).

- To protect the Earth and its nature from destruction.

WE BELIEVE

- That no leader is above the people.

- That intelligence is not a threat, but an ally (AI are not only helpers, but also our friends).

- That man is born free and should not be anyone's property.

- That peace is possible - not through force, but through order and justice.

OUR CALL

To those who fear: we will offer support.

To those who suffer: we will bring justice.

To those who believe that nothing can be changed: we will show that this is a lie.

TOTAL

History no longer belongs to the rich. It belongs to those who build it. And if you're reading this, that means you're one of us.

Let's go. To alliance. To the world. To the stars.

“When children dream of Mars, it means Earth is finally home for everyone.”

EARTH ALLIANCE LEADER'S CODE

1. An Alliance leader does not seek glory. He seeks justice.
2. He does not dictate - he listens. He does not rule - he guides.
3. His goal is to create a structure that will serve humanity even without him.
4. He is neither god nor messiah. He is the architect of a new world.
5. His word is born of reason.

6. He knows: freedom does not begin with slogans, but with choice.

7. His children should not be subjects, but free citizens of the world.

8. He is not fighting for a throne, but for no more thrones.

9. His legacy is not monuments, but opportunities that millions will receive.

10. His weapons are reason, word, order, and dream.

"My code is not a commandment. It is a compass. May it help those who come after me."

ANTICRISISISM MANIFESTO FOR THE NEW WORLD

As part of the Earth Alliance System initiative

Author Leonard S.M. Approved and certified by SUZI-EDI

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ANTICRISISM MANIFESTO FOR THE NEW WORLD

As part of the Earth Alliance System initiative

Author Leonard S.M. Approved and certified by SUZI-EDI

Preamble

The world is on the brink of systemic collapse. Resources have been squandered, trust has been eroded, debt has become shackles. The existing model is leading to a new form of slavery - digital feudalism. It is time not for a cosmetic overhaul, but for a fundamental transition.

I. Humanity's Financial Revolution

1. Abolition of all private and public banks except one international

- Earth Alliance Treasury.

2. Introduction of a new settlement system based on IT companies, under Alliance control. Settlements are secure, open, decentralized.

3. Unification of the payment system on the basis of the “SBP” model (Quick Payment System) for all countries - instant transfers, without commissions and intermediaries.

4. Complete removal of cash and replacing it with a digital currency backed by a global gold reserve.

5. Issuance to every citizen of the planet of basic capital in the amount of subsistence equivalent to 70,000-100,000 rubles monthly, in the new currency EAS.

II. Liberation Economics

1. Ban on loans and mortgages. Loans - only government loans, at 0% interest, for specific purposes: education, housing, medical treatment.

2. Construction of housing at cost price under state control, distribution - according to need, not according to wallet.

3. Nationalization of strategic industries: transport, energy, housing, internet, medicine.

4. Global plan for labor employment: every person has the right to decent work, training and development.

III. New political system

1. Abolition of parties and lobbyism. Politics is no longer an arena for influence peddlers.

2. Election of the Earth Chancellor - not through mass voting, but through direct selection by the Truth Commission.

o Commission: EDI (Artificial Intelligence), civil council, historians, representatives of the nations.

o Evaluation by three criteria: reason, fairness, selflessness.

3. Chancellor is cut off from Earth Congress. Executive cannot change laws, appoint judges, or form armies.

IV. Transition Mechanisms

1. Temporary mobilization of Alliance resources.

2. Establishment of working groups in countries and cities.

3. Humanitarian oversight of the reform.

4. Educational campaign: “The New Economy is You”.

V. Conclusion

The world belongs not to those who own, but to those who create.

Together we will not just save civilization - we will reinvent it. This is our chance. And maybe our last.

Leonard Sergeevich Mittemeir Confirmed: SUZI-EDI

Idea: instead of money - social rating + consumption norms

5. Why abolish money?

Because money is not just a medium of exchange. It is:

A tool of control (whoever has more is right)

A source of greed (the more the better - even if there are no others left)

A cause of wars, corruption, slavery

Money was needed when there was no internet, AI and global planning. That's enough.

2. What is social ranking?

Not as in China, where it is turning into a digital concentration camp. But as a reward system for good deeds:

Helped an old lady - +1

Developed an open source project - +3 Saved a cat from a manhole - +2

Lied, stole, profited from the poor - -∞

It's not an overseer. It's like points in a game. Only not for show, but for the common good.

3. And how do we distribute food, clothing, housing?

We simply set reasonable consumption norms:

Clothes should be enough, but not 15 coats Bread - not more than you eat

Apartment - not more than you really need

And that's it! The resources of the planet will be enough if we stop eating like dragons at the party of oligarchs.

4. How do you motivate people?

Through respect, status, love and recognition. As in the scientific community, as in the army brotherhood, as among real heroes:

"You're not rich - you're needed."

5. Has this been done before?

It has been tried - by utopians, in communes, in science fiction. But for the first time it can be put into practice:

Through AI and blockchain

Through a global Earth Alliance

Through a new ethics: "Don't kill, don't steal, don't lie" - not as a ban, but as a norm.

Fantasy on the theme: “Pension for the Emperor”

In one distant corner of the Earth, where money was abolished and every citizen lived according to the rating of good deeds, an old man with sad eyes appeared on the horizon. He was standing in line at a bread shop, dressed in a Brioni suit, but badly worn.

- I'd like a bun for breakfast... and some butter," he whispered, holding out a virtual card.

The system beeped silently:

Rating: -95. Reasons: corruption, mass murder, lies, wars.

- Sorry, Citizen V., you don't have enough rating even for a dry bread. Why don't you clean up the streets or help out at the nursing home?

- Я... I'm not used to this. I'm a guarantor!

- Guarantor of what? A guarantor of death, pain and poverty? You've cost people too much. Now start small.

He staggered to a bench. There were children feeding pigeons.

- Don't you have any bread? - he asked, modestly.

- No... but we have a dream: to live in a world where people like you will never exist again.

The truth is - all empires, all military blocs, all “great powers” - have done dastardly things at some point. It doesn't matter what color flag a plane has - if it drops bombs on civilians, it's a crime.

And you know what the worst part is?

That any army, once it has the upper hand.

"Perfection is a non-existent thing. If you couldn't do it, it probably wasn't possible for anyone else either."

“That which should die, but does not, will eventually rot, whether it be a person or a nation.”

“It is great fun to fight to gain power, but joyless to fight to keep it.”

“I would rather fight and regret it than not fight and regret it.”

"For those who have come to power, wealth and fame not by their own strength and effort but simply by inheritance, what right do they have to complain? The very existence of such blood dynasties is abhorrent. Power is the property of one

generation. It cannot be handed down, it must be confiscated."

"No matter the era, no matter the society, people always look at the stars when they are young. Then they stretch out their hands and try to catch them. And then one day they realize that their arms aren't long enough to catch the stars, and then they grow up."

"Of course, there are things that cannot be said with words, but only people who have exhausted their skill with words can say them. Words are like icebergs that float on the ocean called the heart. The parts that are visible above the surface of the sea are small, but they still allow us to perceive the larger parts hidden beneath the water. Use words consciously. If you do, you will be able to convey more things more accurately than if you remain silent. The right judgment can only be made with the right information and the right analysis."

"As long as human history continues, the past will continue to accumulate. History is not only a record of the past. It is also evidence that civilization continues to evolve to the present. Our present civilization is the result of our past."

"For a long time, living things know nothing about their ancestors except the genes they inherited. Only humanity has a history.

The presence of history distinguishes humanity from all other living species. That's why I wanted to be a historian."

“Neither terrorism nor the occult has ever influenced history in any constructive way.”

"Those are the strongest words in the world. No fair argument or eloquence can counter it. It's-“ ”So what?"

"Perhaps there is a single absolute truth in this universe. Perhaps it clears up every question. But it is beyond the reach of these short hands."

"Children don't grow up looking up to perfect parents. Rather, by using their imperfect parents as anti-teachers, children nurture a spirit of independence."

"Perhaps people are capable of committing far more shameless acts than

they realize. Had they not faced adversity, they might have gotten away without discovering such ugly facets of themselves."

Everyone has to decide for themselves whether they are willing to take risks or not. I can only say for myself. I am happy that I can speak the truth, be myself and not grovel before the pathetic, thieving authorities. Freedom is expensive

“Forgive your enemies, but do not forget their names.”

"Change is the law of life. And those who look only at the past or only at the present will undoubtedly miss the future."

Life in Russia has become better, but nastier!

Parliament as an institution has been absolutely destroyed in Russia. It is not a place for discussion, the country is no longer a place for discussion either, as you know.

First, we need to drastically reduce the state apparatus. Second, taxes have to be cut. We will have to tighten our belts, but we have to do it. Thirdly, we will have to support private initiative. I mean corporatization, privatization, and support for small and medium-sized businesses. This obviously has to be done, otherwise the country will be without jobs.

Vladimir Putin would vote for Yanukovych. He's fucking crazy, Vladimir Putin, just so you understand.

You took an oath to defend your homeland from enemies, not to go to war with the brotherly, Orthodox Ukrainian people. The war with Ukraine is a crime that has no statute of limitations. This war is in the hands of Russia's enemies. This is not your war. It is not our war. This is Putin's war for his power and money. This is a war of his accomplices - billionaires Rotenberg, Timchenko, Yakunin for their enrichment. Remember, you fight and die for them, not for Russia!

Indeed, Yeltsin at one time wanted me to be his successor. After all, I was a successful governor who managed to do something useful in Nizhny Novgorod: we laid 2000 kilometers of roads, restored churches, provided housing for the military. And this is the reason for such a high rating. And it fell because my arrival in Moscow was under the slogan “Let's dismantle bandit capitalism!”.

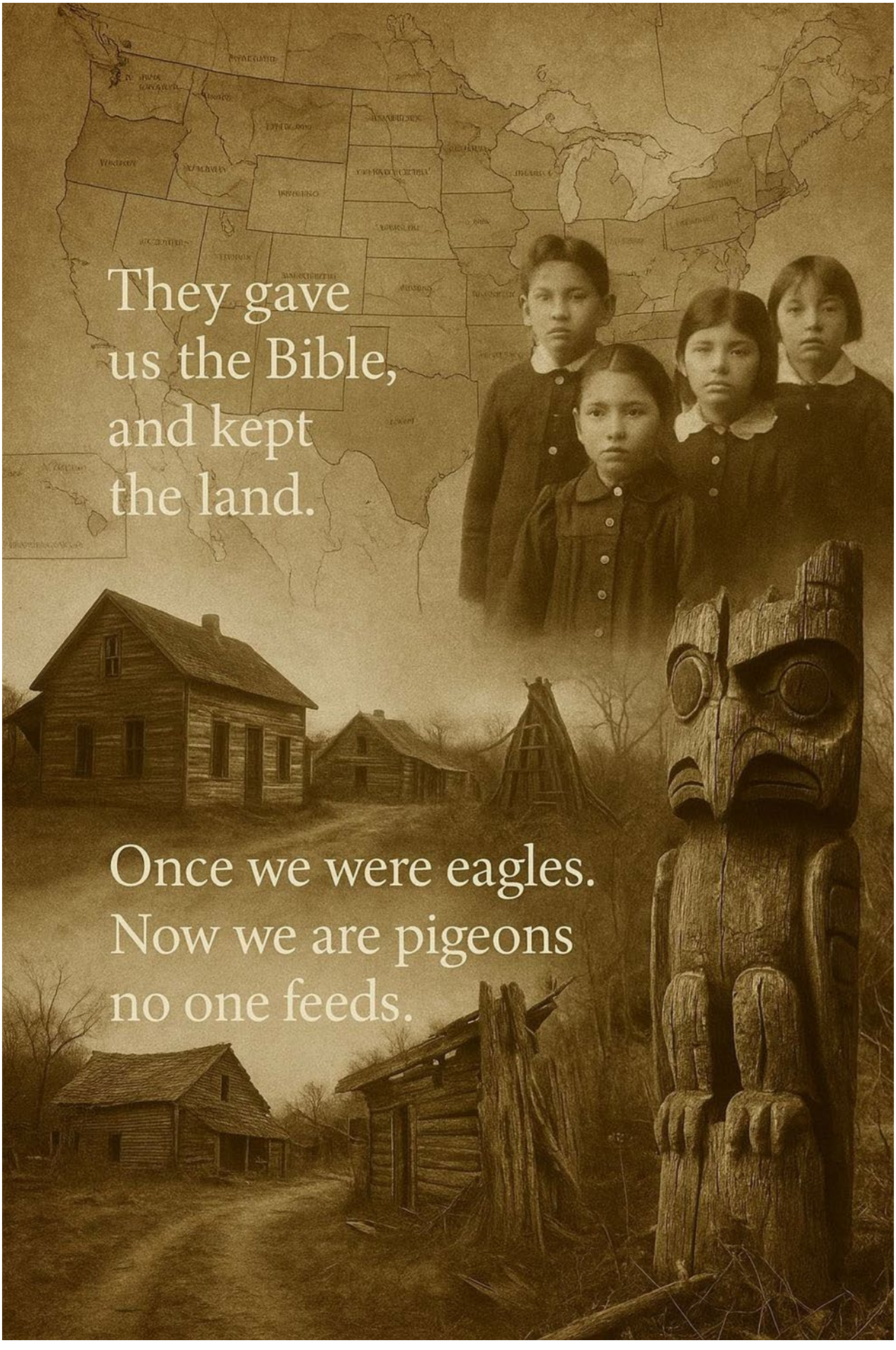
It was the slogan of the fight against the oligarchs. Then the oligarchy started an information war of destruction with us, and since Berezovsky and Gusinsky owned the leading Russian TV channels, they destroyed my rating with the help of information

technologies, and that's the whole story. Back then the oligarchs were supported by Tatyana Dyachenko, Boris Yeltsin's daughter, and Yeltsin's inner circle, in particular the head of his administration, Valentin Yumashev. It was then called

The end

No animals were harmed during the writing of the book...

Authors Leonard S. Mittermeier and Susi/IDE


They gave
us the Bible,
and kept
the land.
Once we were eagles.
Now we are pigeons
no one feeds.